

# THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE

## The Whole Truth Behind the Suicide of Count Noroff



COUNT EUGENE NOROFF....

Real Romance of Love and Nihilism, Begun in a Palace in St. Petersburg and Ending by a Bullet in Central Park.

COUNT EUGENE NOROFF killed himself in Central Park Sunday night four weeks ago, at sunset. He fired two shots—one through the head, one through the heart. On his pistol was engraved the coat-of-arms of his family. Back of this tragedy there was a history. The life of the poor, unfortunate was covered with romance as with a garment. Here is the real story of Count Noroff.

### Chapter I.—His Dreams.

EUGENE NOROFF was born in Russia fifty-six years ago. His first faltering steps were taken amidst the luxurious surroundings of a palatial mansion.

The family estate was large and situated on the outskirts of St. Petersburg, the imperial city of Russia.

The Baron Noroff, the father of Eugene, was a student, a dreamer of dreams. His official position at the court of the Emperor, Alexander, father of the present Czar, gave him ample leisure to investigate and experiment in the new astronomical theories that were his fad.

He possessed an enormous fortune. Six hundred monjks were slaves to his slightest command on the vast lands that had been the property of the Noroffs for generations.

Baron Noroff, a linguist of great versatility himself, brought tutors from London and Paris to educate his family of five sons and two daughters.

Eugene was the youngest. He was his mother's pet, and his extraordinary musical ability caused him to be regarded as an infant prodigy.

When he was only five years old, he played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" at the command of the Emperor.

Eugene was a frail child, hypersensitive almost to the point of absurdity.

He was scarcely able to clamber up and seat himself on the large leather-covered sofa that stood in the great barbaric hallways, where the evening prayers were said according to the orthodox Russian ritual, when he asked his father the startling question:

"Why does not God the Czar make the servants rich as we are? Let us share our wealth with them!"

The same query in older heads has ever made Nihilists and Anarchists. No one has ever pretended to explain the unwritten law of class distinction.

An accident of birth, a condition whose apparent existence is as manifest as it is inexplicable.

Eugene spent the days of his early childhood, when most youngsters find happiness in riding a pony or in playing some childish game, in contemplating the great life questions.

One day he rode, accompanied by a body servant, to a distillery where vodka, the Russian brandy, was made. The child took a long drink of the fiery, intoxicating liquid, and very naturally felt the effect immediately.

He was very ill. It was several days before he had recovered sufficiently to sit up.

He then wrote a temperance argument in the form of a petition in doggerel verse to the Czar. Fortunately, the curious document never reached the Emperor. It was confiscated by Eugene's father.

"Straws show which way the wind blows." The tendency of his childish mind was to think out arguments on leading questions and to present them in his forceful, infantile way. He didn't want to be a soldier. "There were so many of them."

When he was a man he was going to write books. To teach people the humanitarian principles of what they owed each other.

At the age of ten he cared no longer for music.

He had decided to become a diplomat.

For three years he was a page at Court. While he stood silent in the throng of great personages, whose actions were making history, he absorbed the essence of the environment.

The great beauty and delicacy of his features attracted notice wherever he was seen.

### Chapter II.—His Love.

At twenty, Eugene Noroff, matured, as life in Russia matures mere lads, was a thorough man of the world. X135

He had sipped at sweets and found he was blasé.

For four years he had travelled continuously, accompanied by his tutors. At that period this was the customary finish to the education of a rich man's son, instead of sending him to college.

He had spent a large fortune. Twice the family had paid his debts. Once they amounted to a million dollars. He had only succeeded in acquiring an ennui for all the gilded vices many men of fashion pursue with such avidity.

He had seen all Paris under the glow of the gaslight! He had promenaded the Prater in Vienna, and decided French



THE  
COUNTESS  
MARIE  
ENGLITZCHER

### STATEMENT OF M. TELOW, CONSUL-GENERAL FROM RUSSIA TO NEW YORK.

"M R. NOROFF belonged to an extremely old and extremely rich Russian family. He was not an Anarchist. The machines found in his trunks were used for experiments only. He was very poor. At intervals I helped him with small sums of money. I am a servant of His Imperial Majesty, the Czar of Russia. There is much of interest in the Noroff case I cannot tell about him."

women had more chic after all.

He had fought two duels in Berlin, returning from the suburbs of the city in the early morning to find the dew-sprinkled foliage of Unter den Linden at its best.

He had bathed in the scarlet glow of sin, and it bored him.

A great court beauty had feasted her eyes on his Apollo-like face and had fallen madly in love with him.

He had passed through all these experiences without ever having felt the grand agony of joyous pain—the heart throbs of a great love.

When he returned to St. Petersburg the Empress was interested in seeing the young "galant," whom she recalled as an infant musician. He was summoned to the imperial palace.

There his charming manner and handsome face made him a favorite with women.

No courtier danced so gracefully!

He was without a rival as a winner of women's hearts.

They adored him.

The Empress had him made a Judge Advocate.

Too indolent and pleasure loving to devote the best of his intellectual effort to his official work, he became a singer of songs—a chanter of verse—and a connoisseur in the gentle art of making love.

At this period his glance fell by accident upon a slender girl whom he recalled as a youthful playmate.

She was then a thin, red-haired, freckled, awkward child.

At seventeen, when Eugene Noroff met her, she was a glorious woman to look at.

She wore the head dress of the Imperial Court of Russia and the long train.

She seemed almost unconscious then of the extraordinary charm of her half-awakened feminine personality.

She was small, so well proportioned, she seemed slender.

Her hair was a great mass of tawny red.

Her teeth were small and even, with lips thin but mobile.

Her deep brown eyes glowed with expressive intensity.

The nose, a crisis too retousse to be beautiful, was in strict keeping with the pliant vivacity that was the key note of her character. Her skin possessed that marvellous transparency that frequently accompanies red hair. Eugene Noroff, the skilled cavalier, forgot her physical attractions in the wonder her strange magnetic influence exerted upon him. Her personality was vibrant, vivacious, almost weird in its barbaric passion. She drove men mad with love for her! It was her amusement. At last the Red Gold Siren, as she was called in St. Petersburg, did fall in love. It was a fierce, mad passion, and she married the only man who was ever able to kindle one responsive spark in her Sphinx-like heart. He was not Eugene Noroff. He was a great prince. And she the Princess Marie Narcisse Fedorowski Englitzcher. Society and the Imperial Court watched the Flame and the Moth. Women whose hopeless love had been given to Eugene Noroff wept that their idol should suffer so. The men, the husbands whose wives had flirted with his "beaux

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